

POETRY.

THE COSSACK'S GRAVE.*

By MRS. H. ROLLS, author of "Moscow," a poem, &c. &c.

O'ER yon wild mountain, cap'd with fleecy snow,
Appears the rising sun's faint yellow glow;
Slowly its lustre steals along the dale,
And tints with brightening gleam earth's spotless veil:
Glittering with ice yon lofty pines ascend,
And 'neath their sparkling load the branches bend.
Slow o'er the plain a martial train advance,
Solemn their march, and couch'd each beam-ing lance;
No shout is heard, no wild triumphant cry,
Through their dark plumes the wintry breezes sigh.
The tramp of steed, that rings against the ground,
And the deep muffled drum's sad hollow sound;
The trumpet's tone drawn deep with lengthen'd breath
Alone are heard to shake the note of death.
Where yon wide tent's slight sheltering folds are spread,
On the rough fur that formed his simple bed,
Outstretched in death the youthful warrior lies!
Pale are those lips, and calmly closed those eyes
That spake the word to every warrior dear,
That beam'd delighted at each rising spear!
Beauteous and brave, in life's first glowing morn
He heard his country's wrongs with noble scorn;
From his brave father caught the patriot's fire,
And proudly burn'd to emulate his sire!
His guardian lance still rais'd that sire to shield,
A valiant leader in his first fought field!
In prudence, valour, strength, and youthful grace,
The joy, the triumph of his warlike race,
Whilst all around his future glories tell,
In victory's brightest, proudest moment fell!
E'en whilst the anxious father flies to aid,
Deep in his breast is sheath'd the fatal blade!
Prostrate upon his dying child he falls,
His gun of grief the last faint spark recalls!
One moment filial love relumes his eye,
And his sire's lips receive his parting sigh!
His followers cast their dear-bought spoils away,
And curse the fatal triumphs of that day.
Now round the bed of death, the Chieftains stand,
Kneeling, by turns they kiss the clay-cold hand.

* The gallant young Platoff, only son of the Hetman Platoff, the valiant chief of the Cossacks, was the pride and glory of his countrymen: he unhappily fell on the field of battle at Ghorodina, in the evening of the first day in which he had been engaged in active service, but not until he had excited the wonder and admiration of both his friends and foes by prodigies of valour.

The mourning father joins in solemn prayer,
Then sad resigns the relics to their care.
The march begins! along the winding dell,
Is heard no choral lay, no funeral bell—
No reverend priests their sable vestures wave,
They bear a warrior to a warrior's grave!
The snowy steed that joy'd beneath his load,
Now sadly follows to his last abode;
Each faithful soldier swells the lengthen'd train,
That tread with solemn steps Ghor'dina's plain.
Abruptly rising from the vale around,
Appears a mound with graceful cypress crown'd;
There deep in earth is form'd the lowly bed,
The calm, cold mansion of the honour'd dead;
Through the chill air is heard no mournful sound,
Wrapp'd in deep silence stand the ranks around;
With point revers'd is fixed each gleaming lance,
Low on the ground is turn'd each tearful glance,
No step of steed is heard, nor sudden neigh,
Steady and still the hand they all obey.
Awful the pause! a chosen band then join,
And the lov'd relics to the grave resign,
Wrapp'd in his cloak, the warrior's meekest pall,
Then sadly sounds the earth's first solemn fall!
Now the loud volley pours its lengthen'd roar,
That rolls in distant thunder down the shore;
The rocks return the trumpet's dying swell,
And the deep drum long echoes down the dell!
Whilst their long lances gleam with sudden rays,
And o'er the helms the sable plumage plays.
To form their ranks the mourning warriors join,
And slowly round the grave the lengthen'd line
Rein their proud steeds, with measur'd steps to tread
The last sad honour of the mighty dead?

Though thus beneath the grassy hillock laid,
Unmark'd, save by the solemn cypress shade;
From the low turf the spotless soul shall rise,
Spread its pure wings, and seek its native skies!
Though rais'd no lofty mausoleum's walls
Blest is the spot on which the patriot falls!
And such was Platoff!—though he early fell,
Long shall the veteran Cossack fondly tell,
"You rising sun first saw the warrior's pride,
"Ere sunk his beams, in glory rich he died."

LOVE SONG.

I WOULD not change for cups of gold
This little cup that you behold:
'Tis from the beech that gave a shade
At noon-day to my village maid.

I would not change for Persian loom
The humble matting of my room;

'Tis of those very rushes twined
Of pressed by charming Rosalinde.

I would not change my humble wicket
That opens on her favourite thicket,
For portal proud, or towers that frown,
The monuments of old renown.

I would not change this foolish heart,
That learns from her to joy or smart,
For his that burns with love of glory,
And loses life to live in story.

Yet, in themselves, my heart, my cot,
My mat, my bowl, I value not;
But only as they, one and all,
My lovely Rosalinde recall.

Bland's Greek Anthol.

MODERATE WISHES.

LET Alexander's discontented soul
Pine for another world's increased con-
troul;
Ill-weaved ambition has no charms for me,
Nor, sordid avarice! am I slave to thee.

I only ask twelve thousand pounds a year,
And Curwen's country-seat on Windermere.
A mistress, kind, and sensible, and fair,
And many a friend, and not a single care.

I am no glutton—no—I never wish
A sturgeon floating in a golden dish,
At the Piazza satisfied to pay
Two guineas for my dinner every day.
What though famed Erskine at the bar we
view
As learn'd as Cæsus, and as wealthy too,
I only ask the eloquence of Fox,
To paint like Reynolds, and like Belcher box,
To act as Garrick did,—or any how
Unlike the heroes of the buskin now;
To range like Garnerin through fields of air,
To win like Villiers, England's richest fair,
To vault, like Astley, o'er a horse's back,
To fight like Nelson, and to run like Mack,
Like Pinto fiddle, and with Newton's eye
Pierce through the stars, and count the galaxy;
With Jonas conjure, light as Vestris bound,
Grin broad as Colman, though as Locke pro-
found.

Let heirs unblushing pray for boundless
lands,
And streams that ripple clear o'er golden sands,
I only ask, that all my heart's desire
Come with a wish, and leave me ere it tire;
All arts, all excellence, myself to hold,
Learn'd without labour, without danger bold.
I only ask, these blessings to enjoy,
And every various talent well employ;
Thy life, Methusalem, or, if not thine,
An immortality of love and wine.
Fate heard the wish,—and, smiling, gave me
clear,
Besides a wooden leg, twelve pounds a year.

Ibid.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF JOHN LOWE.

*Author of the pathetic and popular Ballad,
"Mary's Dream."*

[John Lowe was born at Kenmore, in Gallo-
way, in the year 1750; he now lies buried
near Fredericksburg, Virginia, under the
shade of two palm-trees; but not a stone is
there on which to write, "Mary weep no
more for me." See *Cromek's Remains of
Nithsdale and Galloway Song.*]

FAR distant retiring, the Muse folds her
pallid wings,
Attuning her lyre to the dictates of woe;
Far distant from Scotia's enlightened do-
minions,
She mourns the sad fate of her favourite
Lowe.
The wild flowers are faded that deck'd the sage
mountain*
On which he delighted at morning to pore,
And sing to the Naiads that guarded the foun-
tain,
Who weep for thine absence, sweet bard of
Kenmore.

The banks of Rapp'hanock his cold clay's im-
muring,
And thither she wanders in sorrow to weep;
Though clouds of oblivion his worth are obscu-
ring,
The sparks of his genius O never shall sleep.
Beneath the tall pine-tree majestic ascending,
Where youthful Vertumnus implanted his
store;
Where blooms the wide climber, its claspers
extending,
She found the lone grave of the bard of
Kenmore.

Now low on the grave-sward, dejectedly mu-
sing,
The Genius of Fancy reclines with her lyre;
Far distant her wailing the mock-bird's diffu-
sing,
And Echo responsive the Dryads inspire;
Who pause from their sporting, and pensively
ponder,
And sigh with the zephyrs that undulate o'er;
Who oft hear the peeling as thither they wan-
der,
Breathe, "Peace to thine ashes, sweet bard
of Kenmore—"

And those that are love-lorn, and strangers to
gladness,
By smooth-flowing Ken, or the murmuring
Deer;
Who seek from their lute-strings a balm for
their sadness,
Shall find it in breathing a requiem for thee.
And, Airds, as thy beauties are genially bloom-
ing,
Amidst thy recesses shall Pity deplore.
That mute is her minstrel, with grief unassu-
ming,
While Memory reveres him as bard of Ken-
more.

A. KYNE.

* High on a rock his favourite arbour stood,
Near Ken's fair bank, amid a verdant wood;
Beneath its grateful shade at ease he lay,
And view'd the beauties of the rising day;
Whilst with mellifluous lays the groves did ring,
He also join'd.
Lowe's Morning.

THOUGHTS IN A BALL ROOM.

Written at Liverpool.

WHAT boots it that pleasure may bloom
 in this hour,
 And care from the heart for a while may
 be driven ;
 It blossoms at best but a perishing flower—
 'Twill fade at the first chilling frost-wind of
 heaven.
 Those notes that now cheerfully swell on the
 ear,
 May soon be succeeded by accents of sorrow ;
 And hearts now so free from suspicion and fear,
 Bewailing may weep o'er some relative's bier,
 Through long-lasting moments of anguish to-
 morrow.

But for me, not one heart in this thoughtless
 throng,
 A tear or a sigh of affection would render ;
 Each bright glance of beauty while flitting
 along,
 Shines cold as the icicle gem in its splendour :
 Not one of this cheerful and glittering crowd,
 Would sigh at the death of a wandering
 stranger ;
 Unnoted, unwept by those beauties so proud,
 A menial might fasten the comfortless shroud,
 And carry the head of a friendless ranger.

Unwept though I here might descend to my
 grave
 No friend to bewail me—no bright eye to
 mourn ;
 There are o'er the distant and fathomless wave
 Some hearts which would bound at my wel-
 come return ;
 And who, should mischance or misfortune befall,
 Would cherish no wish from my bosom to
 sever ;
 While tears of affection and sorrow would fall,
 And relatives weep as they follow'd my pall,
 When fled from this dark scene of anguish
 forever.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE RICHARD REYNOLDS, OF BRISTOL.*

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, *Author of the Wanderer of Switzerland, &c. &c.*

I.

THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THIS place is holy ground ;
 World, with thy cares away !
 Silence and darkness reign around,
 But lo ! the break of day :
 What bright and sudden dawn appears,
 To shine upon this scene of tears ?

[* Mr. Reynolds was a member of the Society of Friends, and formerly an eminent manufacturer of Bristol. This gentleman's charities were unparalleled in Bristol since the days of Colston. But they were not confined to Bristol. He made it his constant practice, from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. He had agents in different parts of

'Tis not the morning-light,
 That wakes the lark to sing ;
 'Tis not a meteor of the night,
 Nor track of angel's wing :
 It is an uncreated beam,
 Like that which shone on Jacob's dream.
 Eternity and Time
 Met for a moment here ;
 From earth to heaven, a scale sublime
 Rested on either sphere,
 Whose steps a saintly figure trod,
 By Death's cold hand led home to God.
 He landed in our view,
 Midst flaming hosts above ;
 Whose ranks stood silent while he drew
 Nigh to the throne of love,
 And meekly took the lowest seat,
 Yet nearest his Redeemer's feet.
 Thrill'd with ecstatic awe,
 Entranced our spirits fell,
 And saw—yet wist not what they saw ;
 And heard—no tongue can tell
 What sounds the ear of rapture caught,
 What glory fill'd the eye of thought.
 Thus far above the pole,
 On wings of mounting fire,
 Faith may pursue the enfranchised soul,
 But soon her pinions tire ;
 It is not given to mortal man
 Eternal mysteries to scan.

the country, whose business it was to seek for cases of distress in their respective neighbourhoods, and recommend them to his consideration ; so that thousands, who never heard the name of their benefactor, have partaken of his bounty. It is believed his expenditure in works of mercy, was 10,000l. per ann. In one year it is stated he expended double that sum in acts of benevolence. At the period alluded to, (1795) he addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind, by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew in a short time to the extent of 11,000l. ; it appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality, for, in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating, that his mind was not easy, and his coffers were still too full. In consequence of which they drew for 9,000l. more.—A lady applied to him on behalf of an orphan ; and after he had given her liberally, she said, ' When he is old enough, I will teach him to name and thank his benefactor.' ' Stop, (said the good man,) thou art mistaken—we do not thank the clouds for the rain. Teach him to look higher, and thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain.'

He united, in a very remarkable manner, great liberality with just discrimination ; and altho' the sums he distributed were large, yet he never relieved any object without previous investigation. His modesty and humility were perhaps as distinguished features of his character as his liberality. So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, ' My talent is the meanest of all talents,—a little sordid dust : but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable ; and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great Lord of ALL.'

Behold the bed of death ;
 This pale and lovely clay ;
 Heard ye the sob of parting breath ?
 Mark'd ye the eye's last ray ?
 No :—life so sweetly ceased to be,
 It lapsed in immortality.
 Could tears revive the dead,
 Rivers should swell our eyes ;
 Could sighs recal the spirit fled,
 We would not quench our sighs,
 Till love returned this alter'd mien,
 And all the embodied soul were seen.
 Bury the dead :—and weep
 In stillness o'er the loss ;
 Bury the dead ;—in Christ *they* sleep,
 Who bore on earth his cross,
 And from the grave their dust shall rise,
 In his own image to the skies.

II.

THE MEMORY OF THE JUST.

STRIKE a louder, loftier lyre ;
 Bolder, sweeter strains employ ;
 Wake, Remembrance !—and inspire
 Sorrow with the song of joy.
 Who was He, for whom our tears
 Flow'd, and will not cease to flow ?
 —Full of honours and of years,
 In the dust his head lies low.
 Yet resurgent from the dust,
 Springs aloft his mighty name ;
 For the memory of the Just
 Lives in everlasting fame.
 He was One, whose open face
 Did his inmost heart reveal ;
 One, who wore with meekest grace,
 On his forehead, Heaven's broad seal.
 Kindness all his looks express'd,
 Charity was every word ;
 Him the eye beheld, and bless'd ;
 And the ear rejoiced that heard.
 Like a patriarchal sage,
 Holy, humble, courteous, mild,
 He could blend the awe of age
 With the sweetness of a child.
 As a cedar of the Lord,
 On the height of Lebanon,
 Shade and shelter doth afford,
 From the tempest and the sun :—
 While in green luxuriant prime,
 Fragrant airs its boughs diffuse,
 From its locks it shakes sublime,
 O'er the hills the morning dew.
 Thus he flourish'd tall and strong,
 Glorious in perennial health ;
 Thus he scatter'd, late and long,
 All his plenitude of wealth.
 Wealth, which prodigals had deem'd
 Worth the soul's uncounted cost ;
 Wealth which misers had esteem'd
 Cheap, though heaven itself were lost.
 This, with free unsparing hand,
 To the poorest child of need,
 Thus he threw around the land,
 Like the sower's precious seed.
 In the world's great harvest day,
 Every grain on every ground,
 Stony, thorny, by the way,
 Shall an hundred fold be found.

Yet, like noon's refulgent blaze,
 Though he shone from east to west,
 Far withdrawn from public gaze,
 Secret goodness pleased him best.
 As the sun, retired from sight,
 Through the purple evening gleams,
 Or, unrisen, clothes the night,
 In the morning's golden beams :
 Thus beneath the horizon dim,
 He would hide his radiant head,
 And on eyes that saw not him,
 Light and consolation shed.
 Oft his silent spirit went,
 Like an angel from the throne,
 On benign commissions bent,
 In the fear of God alone.
 Then the widow's heart would sing,
 As she turn'd her wheel, for joy ;
 Then the bliss of hope would spring
 On the outcast orphan boy.
 To the blind, the deaf, the lame,
 To the ignorant and vile,
 Stranger, captive, slave, he came
 With a welcome and a smile.
 Help to all he did dispense,
 Gold, instruction, raiment, food ;
 Like the gifts of Providence,
 To the evil and the good.
 Deeds of mercy, deeds unknown,
 Shall eternity record,
 Which he durst not call his own,
 For he did them to the Lord.
 As the Earth puts forth her flowers,
 Heaven-ward breathing from below ;
 As the clouds descend in showers,
 When the southern breezes blow,
 Thus his renovated mind,
 Warm with pure celestial love,
 Shed its influence on mankind,
 While its hopes aspir'd above.
 Full of faith at length he died,
 And victorious in the race,
 Won the crown for which he vied,
 —Not of merit, but of grace.

III.

A GOOD MAN'S MONUMENT.

THE pyre, that burns the aged Bramin's bones,
 Runs cold in blood, and issues living groans,
 When the whole Haram with the husband dies,
 And demons dance around the sacrifice.
 In savage realms, when tyrants yield their
 breath,
 Herds, flocks, and slaves, attend their lord in
 death ;
 Arms, chariots, carcasses, a horrid heap,
 Rust at his side, or share his mouldering sleep.
 When heroes fall triumphant on the plain ;
 For millions conquer'd and ten thousands slain,
 For cities levell'd, kingdoms drench'd in blood,
 Navies annihilated on the flood ;
 —The pageantry of public grief requires
 The splendid homage of heroic lyres ;
 And genius moulds impassion'd brass to breathe
 The deathless spirit of the dust beneath,
 Calls marble honour from its cavern'd bed,
 And bids it live—the proxy of the dead.

Reynolds expires, a nobler chief than these;
 No blood of widows stains his obsequies;
 But widows' tears, in sad bereavement, fall,
 And foundling voices on their father call:
 No slaves, no hecatombs, his relics crave,
 To gorge the worm, and crowd his quiet grave;
 But sweet repose his slumbering ashes find,
 As if in Salem's sepulchre enshrined;
 And watching angels waited for the day,
 When Christ should bid them roll the stone
 away.

Not in the fiery hurricane of strife,
 'Midst slaughter'd legions, he resign'd his life;
 But peaceful as the twilight's parting ray,
 His spirit vanish'd from its house of clay,
 And left on kindred souls such power imprest,
 They seem'd with him to enter into rest.
 Hence no vain pomp, his glory to prolong,
 No airy immortality of song;
 No sculptured imagery, of bronze or stone,
 To make his "neaments for ever known
 Reynolds requires:—his labours, merits, name,
 Demand a monument of surer fame;
 Not to record and praise his virtues *past*,
 But shew them *living*, while the world shall
 last;

Not to bewail one Reynolds snatcht from earth,
 But give, in every age, a Reynolds birth;
 In every age a Reynolds; born to stand
 A prince among the worthies of the land.
 By Nature's title written in his face:
 More than a Prince—a sinner saved by grace,
 Prompt at his meek and lowly Master's call
 To prove himself the minister of all.

Bristol! to thee the eye of Albion turns;
 At thought of thee thy country's spirit burns;
 For in thy walls, as on her dearest ground,
 Are "British minds and British manners"
 found:

And 'midst the wealth, which Avon's waters
 pour
 From every clime, on thy commercial shore,
 Thou hast a native mine of worth untold;
 Thine heart is *not* encased in rigid gold,
 Wither'd to mummy, steel'd against distress;
 No—free as Severn's waves, that spring to
 bless

Their parent hills, but as they roll expand
 In argent beauty thro' a lovelier land,
 And widening, brightening to the western sun,
 In floods of glory thro' thy channel run;
 Thence, mingling with the boundless tide, are
 harp'd

In Ocean's chariot round the utmost world:
 Thus flow thine heart-streams, warm and un-
 confined,

At home, abroad, to woe of every kind.
 Worthy wert thou of Reynolds;—worthy he
 To rank the first of Britons even in thee.
 Reynolds is dead;—thy lap receives his dust
 Until the resurrection of the just:
 Reynolds is dead; but while thy rivers roll,
 Immortal in thy bosom live his soul!

Go, build his monument:—and let it be
 Firm as the land, but open as the sea.
 Low in his grave the strong foundations lie,
 Yet be the dome expansive as the sky,
 On crystal pillars resting from above,
 Its sole supporters—*works of faith and love*;
 So clear, so pure, that to the keenest sight,
 They cast no shadow: all within be light:

No walls divide the area, nor enclose;
 Charter the whole to every wind that blows;
 Then rage the tempest, flash the lightning
 blue,
 And thunders roll,—they pass unharmed
 through.

One simple altar in the midst be placed,
 With this, and only this, inscription graced,
 The song of angels at Immanuel's birth,
 "Glory to God! good-will, and peace on
 earth."

Then be thy duteous sons a tribe of priests,
 Not offering incense, nor the blood of beasts,
 But with their gifts upon that altar spread;
 —Health to the sick, and to the hungry bread,
 Beneficence to all, their hands shall deal,
 With Reynolds' single eye and hallow'd zeal.

Pain, want, misfortune, thither shall repair;
 Folly and vice reclaim'd shall worship there
 The God of *him*—in whose transcendent mind
 Stood *such* a temple, free to all mankind:
 Thy God, thrice-honour'd city! bids thee raise
 That fallen temple, to the end of days:
 Obey his voice; fulfil thine high intent;
 —Yea, be thyself the *Good Man's Monument*!

DAVID'S LAMENTATION FOR SAUL AND JONATHAN.

THE beam of the mighty is mantled in
 night,
 His glory is set in the blaze of its light;
 His bow-string is shaftless, his spear is at rest,
 His sabre unwavering, and sighless his breast.

The beauty of Jacob is laid in the dust,
 His armour is broken, and canker'd with rust;
 His eye is in darkness, a spot on its ray,
 His vigour is death, and his bloom is decay.

The hills of Gilboa shall summer no more,
 Jehovah's anointed bath stained them with
 gore;
 Their trees shall be leafless, their verdure de-
 stroy'd,
 Their altar a ruin, and Nature a void.

Philistia shall triumph—the pulse of the brave,
 Whose thrill was destruction, is lost in the
 grave:

One spirit sublim'd them—adversity tried—
 They existed in love, and in unity died.

Weep, daughters of Jacob, for Saul and his son;
 Attune your bright harps to the deeds they
 have done;

The arm of the lion, the foot of the roe,
 Weep, daughters of Jacob, be mighty in woe.

Oh, Jonathan! Jonathan! ghostless art thou,
 There's gore on thy visage, and dust on thy
 brow:

Yet the angel of Beauty is lingering by,
 She revels in rapture and flits to the sky.

Yes, thou art a corse, but thy spirit's above,
 Diverging in glory, and beaming in love:
 And Friendship is blisted and saintless her
 shrine,

My soul has no kindred, and anguish is mine;

Wantage.

J. W.